Col Jno Filler23jan66

The Bedford Inquirer.

A Local and General Newspaper, Devoted to Politics, Education, Literature and Morals.

JOHN LUTZ. *Editor and Proprietor.* BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 14, 1869. VOL. 42: NO. 19

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

All advertisements for less than 3 months 10 cents per line for each insertion. Special notices one-half additional. All resolutions of Associations, communications of a limited or individual interest and notices of marriages and deaths, exceeding five lines, 10 cts. per line. All legal notices of every kind, and all Orphans' Court and other Judicial sales, are required by law to be published in both papers. Editorial Notices 15 cents per line. All Advertising due after first insertion. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.

	3 mons.	6 months.	1 year
One square	$ 4.50	$ 6.00	$10.00
Two squares	6.00	9.00	16.00
Three squares	8.00	12.00	20.00
One-fourth column	14.00	20.00	35.00
Half column	18.00	25.00	45.00
One column	30.00	45.00	80.00

NEWSPAPER LAWS.—We would call the special attention of Post Masters and subscribers to the INQUIRER to the following synopsis of the Newspaper laws:

1. A Postmaster is required to give notice *by letter*, (returning a paper does not answer the law) when a subscriber does not take his paper out of the office, and state the reasons for its not being taken; and a neglect to do so makes the Postmaster *responsible* to the publishers for the payment.

2. Any person who takes a paper from the Post office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not is responsible for the pay.

3. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, *whether it be taken from the office or not.* There can be no legal discontinuance until the payment is made.

4. If the subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send, the subscriber is bound to pay for it, *if he takes it out of the Post Office.* The law proceeds upon the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post office, or removing and having them uncalled for, is *prima facia* evidence of intentional fraud.

Professional & Business Cards.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

KIMMELL AND LINGENFELTER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Have formed a partnership in the practice of the Law, in new brick building near the Lutheran Church. [April 1, 1869-tf

M. A. POINTS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the public. Office with J. W. Lingenfelter, Esq., on Public Square near Lutheran Church.
Collections promptly made. [April,1'69-tf.

ESPY M. ALSIP,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.,
Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Military claims, Pensions, back pay, Bounty, &c. speedily collected. Office with Mann & Spang, on Juliana street, 2 doors south of the Mengel House. apl 1, 1869.—tf.

J. R. DURBORROW,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BEDFORD, PA.,
Will attend promptly to all business intrusted to his care. Collections made on the shortest notice.
He is also, a regularly licensed Claim Agent and will give special attention to the prosecution of claims against the Government for Pensions, Back Pay, Bounty, Bounty Lands, &c.
Office on Juliana street, one door South of the *Inquirer* office, and nearly opposite the 'Mengel House" April 1, 1869:tf

S. L. RUSSELL. ..... J. H. LONGENECKER
RUSSELL & LONGENECKER,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Bedford, Pa.,
Will attend promptly and faithfully to all business entrusted to their care. Special attention given to collections and the prosecution of claims for Back Pay, Bounty, Pensions, &c.
Office on Juliana street, south of the Court House. April 1:69:1yr.

J. M'D. SHARPE ..... E. F. KERR
SHARPE & KERR,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Will practice in the Courts of Bedford and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to their care will receive careful and prompt attention. Pensions, Bounty, Back Pay, &c., speedily collected from the Government.
Office on Juliana street, opposite the banking house of Reed & Schell, Bedford, Pa. Apr 1;69:tf

W. C. SCHAFFER
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BEDFORD, PA.,
Office with J. W. Dickerson Esq.. 23apr1y

PHYSICIANS.

DR. B. F. HARRY,
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. Office and residence on Pitt Street, in the building formerly occupied by Dr. J. H. Hofius. [Ap'l 1,69.

MISCELLANEOUS.

O. E. SHANNON, BANKER,
BEDFORD, PA.
BANK OF DISCOUNT AND DEPOSIT.
Collections made for the East, West, North and South, and the general business of Exchange transacted. Notes and Accounts Collected and Remittances promptly made. REAL ESTATE bought and sold. April 1:69

DANIEL BORDER,
PITT STREET, TWO DOORS WEST OF THE BEDFORD HOTEL, BEDFORD, PA.
WATCHMAKER AND DEALER IN JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, &C.
He keeps on hand a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Spectacles of Brilliant Double Refined Glasses, also Scotch Pebble Glasses. Gold Watch Chains, Breast Pins, Finger Rings, best quality of Gold Pens. He will supply to order any thing in his line not on hand. [apr.28,'65.

D. W. CROUSE,
DEALER IN
CIGARS, TOBACCO, PIPES, &C.
On Pitt street one door east of Geo. R. Oster & Co.'s Store, Bedford, Pa., is now prepared to sell by wholesale all kinds of CIGARS. All orders promptly filled. Persons desiring anything in his line will do well to give him a call.
Bedford April 1, '69.

C. N. HICKOK, DENTIST.
Office at the old stand in
BANK BUILDING, Juliana st., BEDFORD.
All operations pertaining to
Surgical and Mechanical Dentistry
performed with care and
WARRANTED.
Anæsthetics administered, when desired. Artificial teeth inserted at, per set, **$8.00** *and upward.*
As I am determined to do a CASH BUSINESS or none, I have reduced the prices for Artificial Teeth of the various kinds, 20 per cent., and of Gold Fillings 33 per cent. This reduction will be made only to strictly Cash Patients, and all such will receive prompt attention. 7feb68

WASHINGTON HOTEL.
This large and commodious house, having been re-taken by the subscriber, is now open for the reception of visitors and boarders. The rooms are large, well ventilated, and comfortably furnished. The table will always be supplied with the best the market can afford. The Bar is stocked with the choicest liquors. In short, it is my purpose to keep a FIRST-CLASS HOTEL. Thanking the public for past favors, I respectfully solicit a renewal of their patronage.
N. B. Hacks will run constantly between the Hotel and the Springs.
may17,'69:1y WM. DIBERT, Prop'r.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
HUNTINGDON, PA.
This old establishment having been leased by J. MORRISON, formerly proprietor of the Morrison House, has been entirely renovated and refurnished and supplied with all the modern improvements and conveniences necessary to a first-class Hotel.
The dining room has been removed to the first floor and is now spacious and airy, and the chambers are all well ventilated, and the proprietor will endeavor to make his guests perfectly at home. Address, J. MORRISON,
EXCHANGE HOTEL,
31july tf Huntingdon, Pa.

MAGAZINES.—The following Magazines for sale at the Inquirer Book Store: ATLANTIC MONTHLY, PUTNAM'S MONTHLY LIPPINCOTT'S, GALAXY, PETERSON, GODEY, MD'M. DEMORESTS, FRANK LESLIE RIVERSIDE, etc. etc. ft

Inquirer Column.

TO ADVERTISERS:

THE BEDFORD INQUIRER.

PUBLISHED

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

BY

JOHN LUTZ,

OFFICE ON JULIANA STREET,

BEDFORD, PA.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

IN

SOUTH-WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

CIRCULATION OVER 1500.

HOME AND FOREIGN ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED ON REASONABLE TERMS.

A FIRST CLASS NEWSPAPER.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

JOB PRINTING:

ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK DONE

WITH

NEATNESS AND DISPATCH,

AND IN THE

LATEST & MOST APPROVED STYLE,

SUCHAS

POSTERS OF ANY SIZE,

CIRCULARS,

BUSINESS CARDS,

WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS,

BALL TICKETS,

PROGRAMMES,

CONCERT TICKETS,

ORDER BOOKS,

SEGAR LABELS,

RECEIPTS,

LEGAL BLANKS,

PHOTOGRAPHER'S CARDS,

BILL HEADS,

LETTER HEADS,

PAMPHLETS,

PAPER BOOKS,

ETC. ETC. ETC. ETC. ETC

Our facilities for doing all kinds of Job Printing are equalled by very few establishments in the country. Orders by mail promptly filled. All letters should be addressed to

JOHN LUTZ.

Bedford Inquirer.

JACK-SHOOTING.

A Most Remarkable Deer Story.

BY REV. WM. N. MURRAY.

I slowly rose in the boat, turned up the jack, and peered anxiously into the fog. The strong reflector bored a lane through the fleecy mass for some fifty feet, perhaps; even at that distance objects mingled grotesquely with the fog. At the extreme end of the opening I detected a bright, diamond like spark. Nothing more could be seen. "It may be the eye of a deer, and it may only be a drop of water or a wet leaf," said I to myself. Still it looked gamey. I concluded to launch a bullet at it anyway. Whispering to Martin to steady the boat, I sunk my eye well down into the sights, and holding for the gleam in the marsh grass, fired.

The smoke mingling heavily with the fog, made all murky before me, while the explosion striking against the mountains on either side started a dozen reverberations, so that we could neither see nor hear what was the result of the shot. After waiting in silence a few moments, hoping to hear the deer "kick," without any such happy result, I told Martin I would go ashore to load, and see what it was I shot at. He paddled forward, and, seizing the tall grass, while he forced the boat in against the bank with his paddle, I clambered up. Being curious to ascertain what deceived me, I strode off into the marsh some forty feet, and turning up the jack, lo! and behold a dead deer lay at my feet. "Martin!" shouted I, "here the deer is dead as a tick!"

"The d—l!" exclaimed the guide from the fog.

"What did you say?" again I shouted.

"I said I didn't believe it," returned Martin soberly.

"Paddle your canoe up here, then, you old skeptic, and see for yourself," I rejoined, taking the deer by the ear and dragging him to the bank. "Here he is, and a monster too." Martin did as directed, "Well," exclaimed he, as he unbent his gaunt form from the curve into which two hours of paddling had cramped it, and straightened himself to his full heighth, until his eyes rested upon the buck,—"well, Mr. Murry, you are the first man I ever saw draw a fine bead in a night like this, standing in the bow of a saranac boat, at the twinkle of a deer's eye, and *kill.* That jack of yours is a big thing, and no mistake." By the time he had finished the boat had drifted off into the river, for the current was quite strong at that point—and I was alone. I was just fitting a cap to the tube of the discharged barrel when I felt a movement at my feet, and, casting my eyes downward, I saw that the deer was in the act of getting up! The ball as we afterwards discovered, had glanced along the front of the skull, barely creasing the skin. It had touched the bone slightly, and stunned him so that he dropped: but beyond this, it had not hurt him in the least. Quick as thought I put my foot against his shoulder and pushed him over. "Martin I cried, "this deer isn't dead; he's trying to get up. What sha'l I do?"

"Get hold of his hind leg; I'll be with you in a minute," was the answer.

I did as directed. I laid hold of his left hind leg, just above the feetlocks, and sprang to my feet.

Reader did you ever seize a pig by the hind leg? If so, multiply that pig, by ten; for every twitch he gives, count six; lash a big lantern to your head, fancy yourself standing alone on a swampy marsh in a dark, foggy night, with a rifle in your left hand, and being twitched about among the bogs and in and out of muskrat holes, until your whole system seems on the point of a separation which shall send you in a thousand infinitesimal parts in all directions, like fragments of an exploding burr wheel, and you have my appearance and feeling as I was jerked about that night amid the mire and marsh grass, as I clung to the leg of that deer. Now, when I fasten to anything I always expect to hold on. This was my determination when I put my fingers around the buck's leg. I have a tremendous *grip.* My father had before me. With his hand at a two inch auger hole in the head of a barrel I have seen him clutch, now with his right, now with his left hand, twenty-two house-rats as they came darting out to escape the stick with which I was stirring them up, and dash them dead upon the floor, without getting a single bite; and everybody knows that a rat, in full bolt, comes out of a barrel like a flash of lightning. I fully expected to maintain the family *prestige* for grip. I did. I stuck to that deer with all my power of arm and will. I felt it to be a sort of personal contest between him and myself. Nevertheless, I was perfectly willing at any time to let go. I had undertaken the job at the request of another, and was ready to surrender instantly upon demand. I shouted to Martin to get out of that boat mighty quick if he wanted to take his deer home, for I shouldn't hold on to him much longer. It took me about two minutes to deliver that sentence. It was literally jerked out of me, word by word. Never did I labor under greater embarrassment in expressing myself. In the meanwhile Martin was meeting with difficulty. The bank of the river was steep, and the light cedar shell, with only himself in it, was all out of balance and hard to manage. It may be, that his very strong desire to get on to the meadow where I was holding his deer, operated to confuse and embarrass his movements. He would propel the boat at full speed toward the bank, then jump for the bow; but his motion forward would release the boat from the mud, and when he reached the bow the boat would be half-way across the river again. Now Martin is a man of great patience. He is not by any means a profane person. He had always shown great respect for the cloth. But everybody will see that his position was a very trying one. Three several times, as he afterward informed me, did he drive the boat into the to bank, and three several times when he got the bow, that boat was in the middle of the river. At last Martin's patience gave way, and out of the fog came to my ears ejaculations of disgust, and such strong expletives as are found only in choice old English, and howls of rage and disappointment that none but a guide could utter in like circumstances. But human endurance has a limit. I was fast reaching a condition of mind when family pride and transmitted powers of resolution fail. What did I care for my father's exploit with the rats at the two inch auger hole?

What did the family grip amount to after all? I was fast losing sight of the connection such vanities sustained to me. I was undergoing a rapid change in many respects—of body as well as mind! When I got hold of that deer's leg, I was mentally full of pluck and hope; my hunting coat, of Irish corduroy, was whole and tightly buttoned. Now, mentally, I was demoralized, every button was gone from the coat, and the right sleeve hung disconnected with the body of the garment. The jack had been jerked from my head, and lay a rod off in the marsh grass. I could hold on no longer. I would make one more effort, one more appeal. I did. "Martin," said I, "aren't you ever going to get out of that boat?"

The heavy thug of the boat against the bank, an explosive and spluttering noise which sounded very much like the word "damn" spoken from between shut teeth, a splash, a scramble, and then I caught sight of the gaunt form of Martin, paddle in hand and hunting knife between his teeth, loping along toward me, through the tall, rank grass. But, a'as! it was too late. The auspicious moment had passed. My fingers one by one loosened their hold, and the deer gathering all his strength, with a terrific elevation of his hind feet sent me reeling backward just as Martin, doubled up into a heap, was about to alight upon his back. He missed the back, but as the good luck would have it even while the buck was in the air,—the deer going up as Martin came down,—the fingers of the guide closed with a full and desperate grip upon his *tail.* Quick as flash I recovered myself from the bogs, replaced the jack, which fortunately had not been extinguished, upon my head, and stood an interested spectator of the proceedings. Now everybody knows how a wild deer can jump when frightened; and the buck, with Martin fastened to his tail, was thoroughly roused. The first leap straightened Martin out like a lath, but it did not shake him from his hold. If the reader has ever seen a small boy hanging to the tailboard of a wagon, when the horse was at full speed, he can form a faint idea of Martin's appearance as the deer tore like a whirlwind through the tall grass. Blinded and bewildered by the light, frenzied with fear, the buck, as deer often will, instead of leading off, kept racing up and down just within the border of light made by the jack, and occasionally making a bolt directly for it. My position was unique. I was the sole spectator of a series of gymnastic evolutions truly original. Small as the audience was, the performers were thoroughly in earnest. Had there been ten thousand spectators, the actors could not have laid themselves out with greater energy. No applause could have got another jump out of the buck or another inch of horizontal position out of Martin. When ever, at long intervals, his feet did touch the ground, it was only to leave it for another and higher aerial alliance. Now and then the buck would take a long stretch into the fog and darkness, only to re-appear with the same inevitable attachment of arms and legs streaming behind.

When the contest would have ended, what would have been the result had it continued, whether the buck or the guide would have come off the winner, it is not easy to say. Nor is it necessary to speculate, for the close was speedily reached, and in an unlooked for manner The deer had led off some dozen jumps out of the circle of light, and I was beginning to think that he had shaken himself loose from his enemy, when all at once he emerged from the fog with Martin still streaming behind him, and made straight for the river. Never did I see a buck vault higher or project himself farther in successive leaps. The Saranacer was too much put to it to articulate a word; only a series of grunts, as he was twitched along revealed the state of his pent-up feelings. Past me the deer flashed like a feathered shaft, heading directly for the bank. "Hang on, Martin!" I screamed, sobered by the thought that he would save him yet if he could only retain his grip—"hang to him like death!" He did. Never did my admiration go out more strongly toward Martin, as red in the face and unable to relieve himself by a single expression, he went tearing along at a fearful rate in full bolt for the river. No one man in fifty could have kept his single handed grip, jerked, at the close of such a struggle as the Saranacer had passed through, and twitched mercilessly as he now was being dragged through the tall bog grass and over the uneven ground. But the guide's blood was up, and nothing could loosen his clutch. The buck reached the bank, and, gathering himself up for a desperate leap, he flung his body into the air. I saw a pair of widely spread legs swing widely upward, and the red face of Martin, head downward and reversed, so as to be turned directly toward me by the summersault he was turning disappeared like a waning rocket in the fog overhanging the river. Once in the water, the buck was no match for his foe. I hurried to the edge of the bank. Beneath me, and half across the river, a desperate struggle was going on. Martin had found his voice, and was using it as if to make up for lost time. In a moment a gurgling sound reached my ears, and I knew that the deer's head was under the water; and shortly, in answer to my hail, the guide appeared, dragging the buck behind him. The deer was drowned and quite dead.—*From "Adventures in the Wilderness, or Camp Life in the Adirondacks."*

A FOOL'S ANSWER.—In years gone by was a Baptist clergyman, called Elder Stone, who preached at Belcodin, Monroe county, New York. One day the reverend old elder sawed off a block of wood to make a beetle, and commenced to bore a hole through it to put in a handle; but owing to the shortness of the block, it would not lie still, but would turn with the auger. A half witted fellow, commonly called Albright's fool—Bill Albright by name—came along and said in a lisping manner.

'Elder Stone, I can tell you how to bore your beetle; put it in a hog trough, and then you can bore it.

The old parson turned around and looked at Bill and said:

'Bill, there is something to be learned from almost any fool.'

'Yes,' replied Bill, 'I thought so Elder Stone, or there would not be so many people go to hear you preach.'

SIXTY-SEVEN female teachers in Cincinnati have petitioned for the same salary as males, on the ground that they find no reduction in board bill on account of sex.

SELF-MADE MEN.

The New York correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* writes: It is a curious fact that nearly all the successful newspaper men in new York are what may properly be called "self made." Henry J. Raymond, who made the *Times*, and is in the front rank of journalists, worked himself up from the lowest round in the ladder. In 1843 he wrote letters for the Cincinnati *Chronicle*, for which he received about two dollars each. He made a living at that time chiefly by corresponding for out of town new-papers. The *Times* would now sell for $1,250,000, and Raymond is still at its head. Horace Greeley started the *Tribune* without capital. It is now one of the most valuable pieces of newspaper property here, and Greeley is still at its head. The *Tribune* association have, I understand, declared a quarterly dividend of thirty per cent. Its shares are worth $70,000, the par value of which is $1,000. The *Herald* was started by James Gordon Bennett, his capital being brains and industry. Bennett is now worth millions and his paper yields a clear profit of $400,000 per annum. Manton Marble took the *World* when it was an experiment. He had no money; the paper was not paying, but he was aided by capitalists. He built up the paper, made it profitable, and is now sole proprietor. It yields a handsome and annual income. Charles A. Dana was, for several years, managing editor of the *Tribune.* He was subsequently editor of the Chicago *Republican*, but did not succeed. He came back to New York, and, in company with others, bought the *Sun*, which, under his management is already a great success. The circulation of the *Sun*, on the 1st of Sanuary, 1869, was 31,000. It is now 42,000 and growing rapidly. The *Sun* is a two cent paper. The profits on the circulation are very small, of course, but it gets plenty of advertising at twenty-five to fifty cents per line. The New York people advertise liberally, and pay big prices.

The Messrs. Brooks, of the *Express*, are also self-made men. I believe they started the *Express*, and are still managing it. I do not know who started the *Post*, but W. C. Bryant has been identified with it, if not from the beginning, at least for a great many years. His capital was made up of brains. It is a very profitable paper. The old proprietors of the *Journal of Commerce* are dead. It pays largely. Bonner, of the *Ledger*, is worthy of remark in this connection, although he does not run a daily paper. He went into the *Ledger* from the case, and now publishes one of the best and most profitable weekly papers in the world, and competes successively with Vanderbilt in the horse line. Speaking of Vanderbilt, reminds me that he laid the foundation of his prosperity. He began on brains, and now, at a ripe old age, has his brains in good order, and about seventy millions of money. But I have not space to go into this class of self-made men. It is a fact, however, that nearly all the wealthy men have made their own fortunes, and, therefore, know how to keep them; but as it is generally in this country, so it is here; rich men's sons are of very little account; and rich men's sons in-law are usually of the same kind. Therefore, large fortunes rarely pass to the third generation. Society is all the better for this. If the descendants of the rich men of New York should be as successful in making and keeping money as their fathers, a few families would soon own the Island.

JOHN CHINAMAN IN CALIFORNIA.

BY SAMUEL BOWLES.

The ever present Chinese will pique our curiosity. We must look into their homes, compact, simple, yet not over clean or sweet-smelling quarters,—into their restaurants and their theatre, if it is in operation, and into their "Josh Houses." Their stores invite us with open doors, and tempt our pockets with all the various specialties of Chinese manufacture at reasonable prices. A few are men of stature and presence, with faces of refinement and gentle strength; the many go sneaking about their work,—a low type of mankind, physically and mentally, imported here like merchandise, and let out to labor under a system only half removed from slavery itself. Yet they are an important element in the industry and progress of all this side of the continent. But for their labor the Pacific Railroad would have been at least two years longer in building. Twelve thousand of them have done nearly all the picking and drilling and shovelling and wheeling of the road, from Sacramento to Salt Lake. They furnish the principal labor in the factories; they make cigars; they dig and work over neglected gold gulches; they are cooks; they almost monopolize the clothes washing and ironing; in all the lighter and simpler departments of labor, where fidelity to a pattern, and not flexibility and originality of action are required, they make the best and most reliable workers. At least seventy five thousand of them are scattered over these Pacific States west of Utah; and though our American and European laborers quarrel with and abuse them; though the law gives them no rights, but that of suffering punishment; though they bring no families and seek no citizenship; though all their women here are not only commercial, but expressly imported as such; though they are mean and contemptible in their vices as in their manners; though they are despised and kicked about on every hand; still they come and thrive, slowly better their physical and moral and mental conditions, and supply this country with what it most needs for its growth and prosperity,—cheap labor. What we shall do with them is not quite clear yet; how they are to rank, socially and politically, among us, is one of the nuts for our social science students to crack, if they can; but now that we have depopulated Ireland, and Germany is holding on to its own, and the old sources of our labor supply are drying up, all America needs them; and, obeying the great natural law of demand and supply, Asia seems almost certain to pour upon and over us countless thousands or her superfluous, cheap-living, slow-changing, unassimilating but very useful laborers. And we shall welcome, and then quarrel over and with them as we have done with their Irish predecessors. Our vast grain, cotton, and fruit fields, our extending system of public works, our multiplying manufactures, all need and can employ them. But must they vote, and if so to what effect?—*Atlantic Monthly.*

To serve God is to obey his laws. Worship is not service, unless it makes us more ready to do his will.

MEN, WOMEN AND MANNERS.

Fanny Fern, in the *Ledger*, has some plain, common-sense talk regarding the intercourse of intimate friends, which she thinks is much more reasonably conducted among men than by women. Thus, in order to avoid offending a female friend who may chance to call while a lady is occupied, the latter may not send down word that she is engaged but must resort to a "white lie," and say that she is out. Fanny once excused herself to a female visitor because she had an article to write. The visitor, as soon as Fanny had gone, turned to another with the mild remark: "I suppose she said that to get rid of us—don't you?" Fanny says the intercourse of men with each other has always aroused admiration. If one wants to read or write in another's company, he does so, and no offense is taken.

If one has to leave, he often says no more than "I'm off," or "Good-by, old fellow." Sometimes it is only the touch of the hat, or a hand laid on the other's shoulder in passing, and no black eyes follow, no locks of hair fly, nor do any hard words or looks result in the future. Further fancies follow regarding the possible conduct of females in imaginary emergencies. We quote:

If ladies smoked, which the gods forbid! do you suppose one lady would allow another to stop her in the street and light a cigar from her lips, when she never was introduced? When she didn't even know who her dressmaker was, or where she bought her bonnets? Good heavens?

Did you ever notice, if anything unexpected occurs in the mutual path of men passing through the same street, how naturally and frankly they accost each other, though perfect strangers, and converse about it, and go their several ways, to their tombstones, after it?—Not so, sweet women? Catch her speaking to "that nasty thing" How does she know who or what she is?

Children are so delicious about these matters. I saw two little girls, the other day, trying to crack a nut upon the sidewalk by pressing in turn their tiny little shoes upon it. Despairing of success, they said to a gentleman passing, "Man, man, crack this nut for us, will you?" His handsome face was luminous with fun as he pressed his polished boot down upon it, to the delight of the youngsters and myself. Now, these little girls wouldn't have thought of asking a lady to do that; or if they had, do you think she would have stopped to do it?

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE HUMAN FORM.

WHOLESOME ADVICE TO FOOLISH WOMEN.

Many beautiful forms are made decidedly homely by individuals attempting to set at naught the laws of nature. For this purpose delicate young ladies lace themselves until they can scarcely breathe. And all for what? To deceive poor, weak minded creatures like themselves, and in their own imagination, appear beautiful. When is a girl most beautiful? Before she has reached her teens; before she has disfigured her form by tight lacing. When should she appear most beautiful? When she has arrived at her majority. Young ladies forget that if they set aside the laws of nature, they must necessarily contract a deformity, and consequently, cause the body to become diseased. We noticed a young miss on the streets a few days ago, her waist encased in about half its naturally requisite space, her back something in the shape of a camel's by reason of a pannier, her feet cramped in shoes about half as large as her feet, causing her to walk as if she was stepping on burning coals. Poor creature! Her folly is indeed her punishment. Our young ladies [and their mothers, too,] either forget that the proportions of the human figure are strictly mathematical, or else they never have been made acquainted with the fact.

The waist should measure five inches in circumference for every foot the lady is high. The whole figure is six times the length of the foot. Whether the form is slender or plump, the rule holds good; any deviation from it, is departure from the highest beauty in proportion. The Greeks made all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point of the forehead where the hair begins, to the chin, is one-tenth of the whole stature. The hand, from the wrist to the end of the middle finger, is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point in the forehead is one-seventh. If the length of the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines where the eyebrows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. The height from the feet to the top of the head is the same as the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the arms are extended.

A GOOD JOKE.

Many years ago, when church organs first came in use, a worthy old gentleman was pastor of a church where they had just purchased an organ. Not far from church was a large town pasture, where a great many cattle grazed, and among them a large bull. One hot Sabbath, Mr. Bull came up near the church grazing; and just as the Rev. Mr. B——was in the midst of his sermon—boo woo woo went the bull.

The parson paused, looking up at the singing seats, with a grave face said:

"I would thank the musicians not to tune their instruments during service; it annoys me very much.'

The people stared, and the minister went on.

'Boo woo woo,' went the bull again, as he drew a little nearer the church.

The parson paused again and addressed the choir.

'I really wish the singers would not tune their instruments while I am preaching.'

The congregation tittered, for they knew what the real cause of this disturbance was.

The old parson went on again, and he had just about started good, when 'Boo woo woo' came from Mr. Bull.

The minister paused once more and exclaimed:

'I have requested the musicians in the gallery not to tune their instruments during the sermon. I now particularly request Mr. L——that he will not tune his double bass organ while I am preaching.'

'It is isn't me, Parson—it—it is that d—d town bull.

ACCORDING to the *Tribune*, New York city consumes between three and four tons of hair, at a cost of $2,000,000 per annum, for its wigs and chignons.

CUT THIS OUT.

The Mercantile *Times* gives the following reasonable rules for young men commencing business:

The world estimates men by their success in life—and, by general consent success is evidence of superiority.

Never, under any circumstances, assume a responsibility you can avoid consistently with your duty to yourself and others.

Base all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve your integrity of character, and in doing this, never reckon the cost.

Remember that self interest is more likely to warp your judgement than all other circumstances combined; therefore, look well to your duty, when your interest is concerned.

Never make money at the expense of your reputation.

Be neither lavish nor niggardly; of the two, avoid the latter; a mean man is universally despised, but public favor a stepping stone to preferment—therefore generous feelings should be cultivated.

Say but little—think much—and do more,

Let your expenses be such as to leave a balance in your pocket. Ready money is a friend in need.

Keep clear out of the law; for, even if you gain your case you are generally a loser of money.

Avoid borrowing or lending.

Wine drinking and cigar smoking are bad habits. They impair the mind and pocket, and lead to a waste of time.

SMOKING IN THE STREET.

The *Round Table* makes the following sensible remarks in regard to smoking in the street:

"The street is not a private smoking-room. One man has no more right to void his tobacco smoke into the face of another man than he has to void his saliva. If he has, why in the name of sense? Because the smoke is the less disagreeable? That is a matter for individual preference; and, besides, a man has no right to do the least disagreeable thing. Why may not a man appear on Broadway with a stick strapped horizontally across his back, or an open package of assafœtida in his pocket, or a polecat in his arms, or his clothes dripping with kerosene oil, or a rattlesnake around his neck, with as much right as he may smoke there? Because it is not customary to carry assafœtida in the pocket, nobody thinks about it; if it only were the custom, we should hear a fearful cry from the tobacco smokers themselves. If a man treads upon another's foat he apologizes; but he will carelessly void offensive smoke into his very throat, and never think that he does anything reprehensible. If a man dislikes smoking, he can keep out of the street. But the right of the tobacco hater in the street is equal to that of the tobacco lover; to refrain from smoking in public places is not granting a concession, but not to refrain is violating a right. Upon actual right, without reference to the sanction of custom, a man would be perfectly justifiable in resenting the smoking of tobacco near him as a personal affront."

SILENT INFLUENCE.—Albert Barnes says: "It is a bubbling stream that flows gently; the little rivulet that runs day and night by the farm-house, that is useful rather than the roaring cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God there, as He pours it from the hollow of his hand; but one Niagara is enough for the continent or the world, while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gently flowing rivulets that water every farm and meadow and every garden, and shall now on every day and night, with their gentle, quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds, like those of the martyrs, that good is to be done, but by the daily and quiet virtues of life, the Christian temper, the good qualities of relatives and friends.

SELF EDUCATION.—It is surprising how much may be obtained by devoting a few hours each day to study during a series of years. Gibbon produced his great work, rather by the regularity than the protracted nature of daily studies. Franklin became the wisest and one of the best read of his contemporaries, in the midst of most incessant labor. And if the workman with his healthful mind, so well prepared for the reception of knowledge, will give two hours each day to careful study, he may, in a few years, surpass in general information the great body of college graduates, who so often obtain a diploma without deserving it, or who have laid aside their learning the moment they left their preceptors. He may elevate his own intellect by coming into communion with the eminent intellects of the past.

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMEN.—Dr. Chalmers beautifully says: "The little that I have seen in the world, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it passed through—the brief pulsation of joy; the tears of regret; the feebleness of purpose; the scorn of the world that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within; health gone, happiness gone—I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow man with Him from whose hands it came."

SIX things are requisite to create a 'happy home.' Integrity must be the architect and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; which over all, as a protecting glory and canopy, nothing will suffice except the glory of God.

Two laws are more adequate to the regulation of the whole Christian community than all political institutions together—namely, the love of God, and that of our neighbor.—*Paschal.*

IT is in filling a child's mind as in packing a trunk. We must take care what we lay in below, not only to secure for that a safe place, but to prevent it from damaging what is to come after.

A boy eight years old, in one of our schools, being told that a reptile "is an animal that creeps," and being asked to name one on examination day, promptly and triumphantly replied: "*A baby.*"

TIME, patience, and industry are the three grand masters of the world.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS, &C

The INQUIRER is published every FRIDAY morning he following rates:

ONE YEAR, (in advance,) $2.00
" " (if not paid within six mos.).... $2.50
" " (if not paid within the year,).... $3.00

All papers outside of the county discontinued without notice, at the expiration of the time for which the subscription has been paid.

Single copies of the paper furnished, in wrappers, at five cents each.

Communications on subjects of local or general interest, are respectfully collcited. To ensure attention favors of this kind must invariably be accompanied by the name of the author, not for publication, but as a guaranty against imposition.

All letters pertaining to business of the office should be addressed to

JOHN LUTZ, BEDFORD, PA.

Farm, Garden & Household.

MANURES.

The failure to raise good crops of wheat upon land long cultivated is not so often attributable to different seed as unfair cultivation. In most cases the soil has been robbed of the wheat producing properties, such as the phosphates, potash and other salts. This is true in a large degree of the wheat growing section of the older States, where the soil has been so long drained of its substance that it is no longer possible to raise a heavy crop of wheat in the best season. On such lands farmers should apply bone dust, or soluble bone dust. or bone super-phosphates and ashes to restore the potash. Lime should be used to gather carbonic acid. Lime deposited in large piles will collect carbonic acid from the air and become a better fertilizer. Lime should be applied with grass or other vegetable matter, upon which it acts chemically and produces plant food. It also corrects the sours acid in the soil. Some fields need sulphuric acid which is supplied by sowing plaster.

Sown upon clover, plaster causes it to draw to it the ammonia from the air and water, and if the clover be plowed down when in full bloom and quick lime be used the clover is converted into plant food.

The best fertilizer in the experience of the writer is a compost of muck, barn-yard manure and clay, thoroughly decomposed and mixed with equal parts of lime, ashes, salt, plaster, and bone phosphate. No soil except a virgin soil will fail to produce wheat with this compound. It should be thoroughly mixed and screened, so that it can be drilled in with the wheat. It should be used in the Fall, when the rain helps to decompose it and to enrich the surrounding soil, and when the grain roots are ready to take up the parts most needed for food for the wheat plant.. Plant roots do not permeate manures and take them up until they are decomposed by the action of the moisture, and in times of great drought manures yield very little nourishment. When the moisture penetrates the soil the roots of plants search for nourishment, and if the soil be loose they can penetrate the particles and gather it.

Vegetable manures contain a very small proprotion of salts, and these must be supplied if the farmer wishes to enrich the soil and raise large crops of grain.

EXPERIMENTS IN WHEAT SEEDING.

For the last six years I have had a plot of ground at the front of my house, of 3600 square feet, dibble-seeded with 3600 seeds, and which is after the rate of less than 4 quarts of seed wheat an acre; and the crops every year have been as thick on the ground before the harvest as they could well grow, and this next year the same plot is again planted with wheat, though for the seventh time in succession and exactly in the same way, and I now engage to show that at harvest next the crops shall be again as thick as they will be able to grow to perfection. I have said crops, because it has been my custom for the last six years to plant several kinds of wheat, but this year there are only three kinds, but all shall be the same; but one year I had 16 different kinds, or I obtained so many samples from corn dealers and others who believed that they were so many different kinds. But I inform my readers that I did not sow such small quantities of seed to prove whether full crops could be grown from them, for I had known this for almost every year for more than half a century; but in this I had two different objects in view, which I thought would be interesting to farmers and the public generally. I wish to prove the vitality of ordinary wheat seed, and this I did by seeding many acres and half acres with one single seed only in a square foot of ground—and I had this done with several kinds of wheat—and all the seed germinated and grew, as might have been witnesssed by all people who would take the trouble to examine the rows, for all were planted in rows.

I instituted experiments in conjunction with some scientific men, to prove how many years wheat might, by any scientific process, be made to retain its vitality. As the late Dr. Dubeny, (Professor of Botany at Oxford) and other scientific men had done the same, we compared our processes together and their results, when we found that neither had been able to make wheat germinate after having been kept seven years, though every system of keeping it that could be devised was adopted. All was in vain, and showed that at the end of seven years, vitality was gone, and never again to be brought back; and I think life would be gone at the end of five years.—*Agricultural Gazette.*

WASHING SHEEP.—Grease or yolk, with which the fleece of all sheep is more or less imbued, is a natural soap, consisting chiefly of potash and oily matter. It is not immediately soluble in water, but after the fleece is wet, and remains so for a